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## A New Avatar

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### Chapter 1 by R

Long ago, the four nations lived together in harmony. Then everything changed when the Fire Nation attacked. Only the Avatar, master of all four elements, could stop them. But when the world needed him most, he vanished. Everyone thought he had vanished from the world. But I know what really happened.

You see, when I was young I had an imaginary friend, a cheerful young boy with a bald head and arrow shaped tattoos, who would tell me stories and run around in the snow with me. He was my closest friend save my brother.

But this wasn't just any imaginary friend. Eventually, he told me that he was a ghost, the lost Avatar, who had been stuck in an iceberg and froze to death. He explained to me what the Avatar was, and the fate that he had run from. He told me that he was now stuck between our world and the spirit world in order to guide me. You see...

My name is Katara, of the southern water tribe. And I am the Avatar.

Chapter 2 by Jordan

1/2

The lost Avatar advises me that I should learn to bend water. I teach me the art of Water Bending. But there are no teachers in my village. Only my brother, Sokka, of the Southern Water tribe, our sister, Aang, of the Air tribe, has all the benders.

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Not just because it is on the other side of the world, but because the Fire Nation is hunting for the Avatar. I am not sure if they know that the last Avatar died and reincarnated into myself or if they still assume that the Avatar is an Air Bender. Either way, it will be dangerous.

Sokka would want to come, as is his way as a big brother. It makes me nervous to leave grandma alone and try to explain to dad why his children are gone the next time he decides to write.

I shouldn't think like that though, I must think of the good of the people. We need an Avatar, to stop the war and bring peace back to the four nations.

I sigh, starrng out at the water as it lapped against the giant glacier. I have made my decision, without much of a choice though.

Turing my back on the calmness of the ocean and ice, I head back towards my tribe where I will find my brother and pack for my trip. It is my duty, that I know.

### Chapter 3 by Carmen Larby



I say my goodbyes, to my friends and family, making my way to a small wooden boat, controlling to current to pull me and Sokka forward. I take one last glance at the village in which I grew up and turn forward. My brother hums cheerfully, as if nothing is wrong, I shush him, how could he be so happy, this is the most dangerous thing we have ever done, and here he is singing. I pull us forward. I shiver through my thick fur jacket. How am I ever going to pull this off?

### Chapter 4 by Laura Frost



We travel for a few hours. I'm still in familiar waters. Sokka is trying to catch a fish, and I can't help but laugh at the ridiculous image he makes.

Suddenly, our boat speeds up. Rapidly. I clutch my paddle and try to steer us away from the large pieces of ice. Sokka yells something to me, but I can't hear it over the rushing water. It ends as quickly as it began.

We pant for breath, letting the panic wash away.

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"I'm starting to have second thoughts about the whole 'save the world' idea of yours."

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"Do you even know your way back? That climb can be a little tricky."

Sokka grins, and says, "No problem, Katara. I have excellent direction sense."

It takes all of my will, but I resist the urge to smack him. I glance at the contents of our boat. All the supplies we brought seem to still be there. I look closer, and find black powder. It's all over the boat.

Black snow. Sokka and I share a knowing look. Not even a day into our journey, and we're already going to encounter them.

The Fire Nation.

### Chapter 5 by Laura Frost



We spot the ship an instant later, as we pull away from a large iceberg. Someone shouts out, their voice coming from the ship. The fire nation soldiers look like ants from this distance.

"Katara, get down!" Sokka has his boomerang in his hand.

"Are you crazy? We can't take on an entire ship full of fire nation soldiers!" My voice has gained a frantic tone.

"Just use your Avatar magic, or whatever it's called."

A large hook shoots toward us, digging into the side of our boat. We jerk towards the ship. Sokka saws at the rope pulling us closer to the fire nation ship. He doesn't even make a dent in the thick metal rope.

Voices call down to us. "Lay down your weapons and surrender and you will not be harmed!" More ropes come down, bringing soldiers down to us.

We are in so much trouble.

### Chapter 6 by Jordan



Sokka and I stand at the back of our wooden boat, as far away from the Fire Nation ship as possible.

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I watched as several people ran toward the ship. A thud. The first three were benders, arms at the ready while the next too seemed to surprise us.

Standing in front of us was Prince Zuko and his Uncle Iroh, the captain, or who we assumed was the captain, stood behind them.

With the boat crowded, we were forced even more against the edge and I quietly smacked Sokka's hand away from his boomerang.

"Who are you." Zukko spoke, voice loud and commanding. Fitting of a prince.

"My name is Katara and this is my brother Sokka. We are on our way to visit our family in the Northern Water Tribe." I reply confidently, trying to keep myself steady as the waves pushed against the boat.

"A likely story. You are probably rebel sympathizers." A gruff voice spoke up from behind the two royals.

"Quiet Captain. Zukko has the final decision. Nephew, they look like simple travelers. Maybe we can give them a ride to the Earth Nation." Iroh spoke up, speaking quietly and calmly towards Zukko.

"No uncle. We must find the Avatar." His voice cut sharply through the air.

I felt forgotten in their conversation. Sokka glanced back at me, as if mentally asking what was going on. At the mention of the Avatar, I felt myself go cold. I hoped any actions from here on out would not alert them that I was the Avatar. Unfortunately for me, I was not going to be able to bend my way out of this.

Coming back from my thoughts, I could still see the pair quietly arguing before the Prince groaned in frustration and glared at us.

"Fine, we will allow you to travel aboard until we reach the edge of the Earth Nation. Then we will drop you off there." His command was final and Zukko turned to repel back up the side of the ship.

"Don't mind my Nephew, he is just a little bit of a brat." Iroh said, his voice warm and friendly. "See more of Story Wars"

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Withing a few seconds I was being pulled over the edge of the boat. I dusted off my pants, giving my surroundings a good look.

As the rest of the guards and Sokka boarded the boat, I had a sense of dread inside of my gut. I had been forced into a nightmare. One that I must survive.

## Chapter 7 by Jordan



It was nearing dusk now. I stood at the railing of the metal beast, watching as it cut chunks of floating ice into smaller pieces. The wind stung my cheeks but I barely felt anything. Since we boarded this morning, I have felt nothing but a tingly numbness.

The Prince had begun shouting orders to his crew, ignoring my brother and I so we were left in the care of two sentries and his Uncle.

Sokka was "training" with his boomerang on the bow of the ship, determined to keep himself distracted. I thought it was also to show the guards that he was a proud fighter of the water tribe. Regardless, they were unfazed.

I, myself, did not converse with any of the troops. If I happened to speak it was in short respectable bursts. The only person I genuinely enjoyed talking to was Iroh. A big bellied man with a big bellied laugh that made me smile.

Instead, my fingers twitched with the strong urge to practice my bending but I was nervous. I hadn't seen the appearance of the Lost Avatar since I left my village. I glanced behind me, taking in a deep breath. My fear was that if I started bending, it would make the Fire Nation suspicious and most likely take us prisoner.

"Katara! Mind if I join you?" A deep, scratchy voice sounded from behind me.

Turning, I set my gaze upon Iroh, the very man who I had been thinking about a few minutes ago. I nodded my head and turned back to the view of the ocean.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" He asked as he

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"It is. I want to get a good

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from!" My voice was soft in reply, a hint of a smile playing at my lips.

He nodded before replying. "Yes, a few months travel through the Earth Kingdom and then you will be at the Northern Water Tribe. They have a.." He paused searching for the right word. ".. different kind of beauty up there. But I am sure you will be delighted to see the rest of the world on your trip."

I laugh a little, glancing towards him." Yes, but I think Sokka is more excited than I am."

Iroh rumbled a laugh. "I wish my nephew could appreciate it like you two now that he is older."

I merely nod, unsure of how to reply. I was very appreciative when Iroh changed the topic.

"So, are there many benders in your village?" His tone sounded genuinely curious.

Shaking my head, I reply watching my words carefully. "No. They were all taken, during a raid when I was very young."

He nodded solemnly, as if remembering that moment. "None have shown up?"

A pit of anxiety began to swell in my stomach. I wanted to trust this man, he had such a grandfatherly exhibit towards myself and my brother but he was Fire Nation. Not only Fire Nation but would have the Fire Lord. I took a deep breath, asking myself:

Do I tell him I am a water bender?

## Chapter 8 by Jordan



"Sir, I .."

I had begun to speak suddenly when what felt and sounded like an explosion interrupted me. The force rocked the metal boat, throwing me to the side. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Iroh brace against the railing and behind me the unmistakable yell of my brother as he was thrown over the railing of the boat.

Smoke began to rise from inside the boat and I pulled myself up, fearful for the life of my brother. I saw his hand slip from the railing and he fell into the icy ocean.

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"KATARAI!" He yelled, his voice echoing through the air. I saw the embrace of water.

"Sokka!" I screamed, leaning over the edge.

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Behind me I could hear soldier's yelling commands back and forth, trying to put out what I could only take as an engine fire. The world slowed down a bit and my thoughts were pushed aside by quick action. Save Sokka.

Without thinking I jumped onto the railing and my arms began to move, bending the water underneath the boat. Focusing, I made a spout of water lift into the air with Sokka submerged in it and crashed it onto the deck of the ship.

Cold ocean water surprised the men and I had only hoped that the soldiers did not see me. I could see Sokka coughing up water, shaking from the drop in temperature but I was distracted. Thick, black smoke was leaking heavily from the entrance to the belly of the ship.

Moving across the deck, I brought a wave of water with me and plunged into the thick of it.

Several minutes later, coughing up a storm, I found the source of the fire. Keeping myself upright I began to douse the fire, the steam making the lack of oxygen more noticeable.

Eventually the fire was extinguished and I stood there covered in ash, soot and breathing heavily from the effort. The realization of the event crashing down on me. I had just ousted myself to the Fire Nation. I was doomed.

I slowly trudged up the many flights of stairs towards the top. Upon walking through the door, I was greeted by half a regiment and the Prince Zukko.

"So, you are a water bender? Last of the Southern Water tribe I presume." He sneered as he spoke.

"Katar-" I heard my brother's voice before the thump of flesh on flesh greeted my ears.

I winced and then replied, my eyes on the Prince and his uncle. "I am a water bender."

"Zukko, be lenient. The girl just save all of our lives," Iroh spoke up, running a hand down his beard.

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The Prince growled and Iroh coughed, his face turning from the amount of smoke in their lungs, other than that the butler Iroh

He sighed and looked me dead in the eye, his voice still hard as he spoke. "Thank you, Katara of the Water Tribe. Men, get to cleaning up the damage. The sick to the wards!"

And then any fear and reserve I had fled me. People began moving around, trying to hurry to their duties. I jogged to my brother, helping him up from his position on the ground and looked up to see Iroh looking at me with concern.

I mouthed 'Thank You' in his direction before Sokka brought my attention back to him. Pulling him up, I began the trudge down to our bunks.

'Oh man, I am in so much trouble.' I thought to myself. 'This will not end good.'

the end

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